

Meditations of a Married Man

By Clarence L. Cullen.

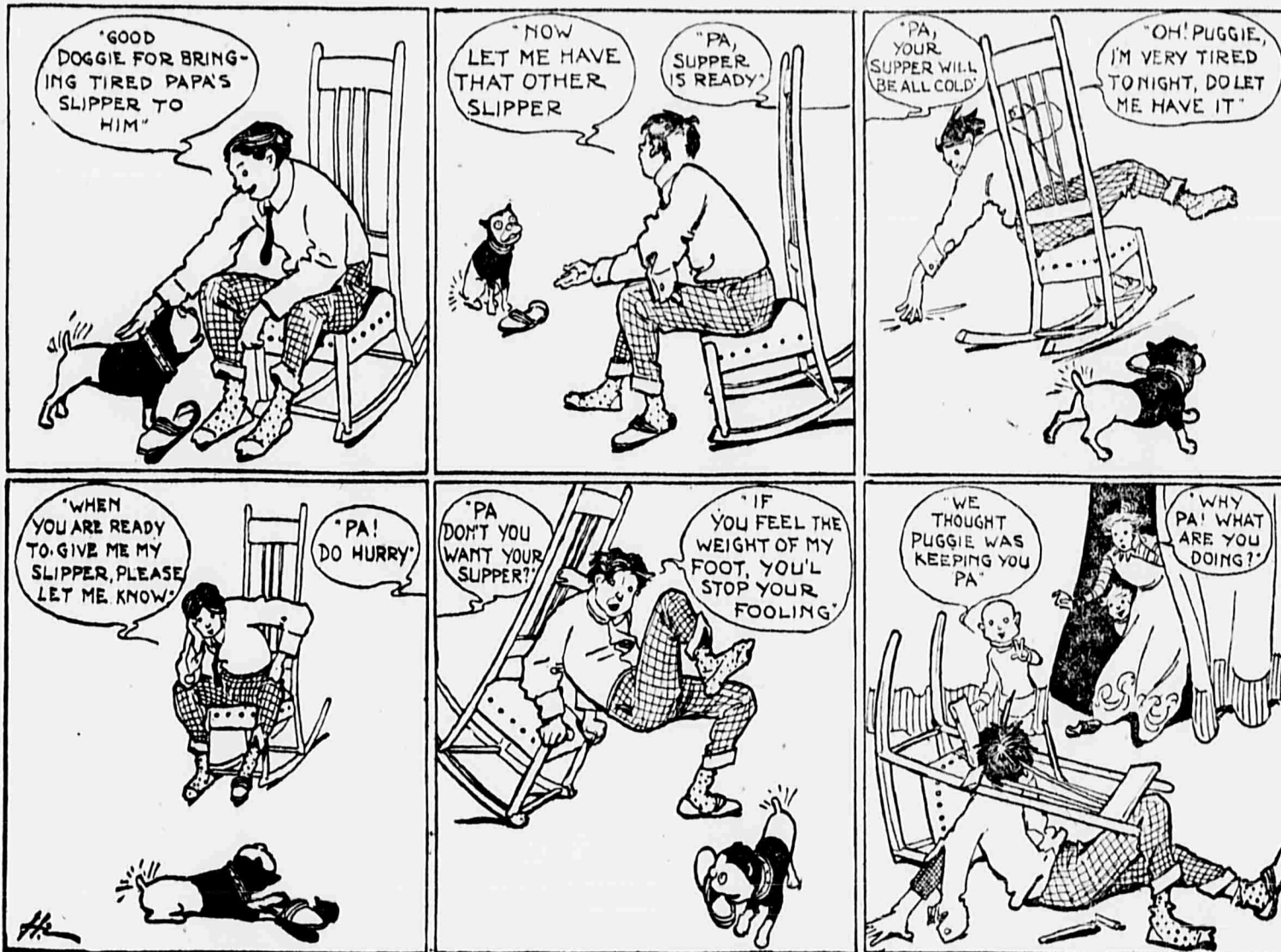


CLARENCE L. CULLEN

THE carriage opener at the Plaza— an expert in these matters—says that, while the sleuth-brother may be all right for the purpose for which it was devised, it is not picturesque in inclement weather. Those foxey fellows who are able to get away with the stunt of "holding out" \$10 a week of their salaries on their wives exist only in vaudeville. Ever notice what an automatic and involuntary movement she stretches out her hand for "her bit" when you are limboed enough to tell her that you won't be home last night in the poker game? When women get back to the fashion of wearing their own hair a lot of credulous young lovers are going to be horribly disillusioned. But the married chap, who get the early morning view, won't mind. (Query: What difference would it make if they did mind?) Some women glare at a man when he inadvertently stoops to look at a window display of a "white sale," as if he'd never seen—as if—well, they certainly do glare. That Michigan man who, for thirty years, stroked his wife's temples and read "Thanatopsis" to her every night to put her to sleep, may have slipped out after she slept to play pinocle, you know. Anyhow, show us! It is bound to give a newly married woman a suspicious pang to find that her husband is curiously adept at buttoning her waist down the back. When you're away on a little trip it's a good thing, occasionally, to send her a telegram inquiring, "Is every thing all right?" and following this up with a letter saying that you dreamt something had happened to her. (N. B.—It is this inside stuff that counts.) If you're trying to pinch out a

The Jollys' Bull Pup

By H. Coultas



Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.

Translated

By Helen Rowland.



HELEN ROWLAND

G O TO, my Daughter, wouldst put a man's love unto the test? Then, foolish damsel, art thou as one that dabbleth in Occultism, and seeketh to prove things which are not so. For how shall a man give thee assurance of that of which he is not SURE himself. Yea, how shall thou know that a man hath lost his appetite or worn odd socks? How shall thou divine that he hath turned on the gas when he hath meant to turn on the hot water, or hath lain awake until 2 o'clock, or hath begun a business letter "Dearest Marjorie"? Yet, I say unto thee, THESE are the ONLY proofs of a grand passion. Nay, even though a man saveth thy life it standeth not to reason that he MUST love thee. For would he not do as much for a yellow kitten? Neither measure a man's devotion by his jealousy. For a man fighteth not for love of a woman, but for love of fighting—and because he detesteth to be "cut out." Moreover, he that fighteth for thee to-day may fight to GET AWAY from thee to-morrow. Yet, when a man searcheth rubbers for thy sake and parteth his hair a different way to please thee; when he suffereth thee to adorn him with a green and yellow necktie, nor changeth it at the corner haberdashery; when he permitteeth thee to spray him with thy perfume and goeth forth a MARKED man, soaked in staphanotis—THESE are the first signs in the heaven of love. Nay, it is NOT a sign of love when a man MARRYETH a woman; for this may be merely a sign of mental aberration—or that she hath money—or, peradventure, that he could not get out of it. Yet let not thy heart be troubled, for when a man truly loveth thee thou shalt know it long before HE hath discovered it himself. Yea, it cometh to him not as the poets say, "like a dream in the night," but like a cold shock in the morning; and by THAT time thou shalt have been many moons "waiting at the church." Verily, verily, it is not THOU but HE that shall be the MOST surprised. Selah! *

Betty Vincent's Advice on Courtship and Marriage

His Place to Pay Rent.

DEAR BETTY: I AM ABOUT to be married. My intended wife's parents are paying all wedding expenses, but she is still paying her home. Who should pay the first month's rent, my intended wife's parents or myself? M. M. L.

A Bachelor's Questions.

DEAR BETTY: I AM a bachelor and about to become a benedict. Can you help me by answering these questions: 1. Are the bride's parents or the parents of the bridegroom supposed to furnish the house or apartment in which the young couple will live? 2. If the bridegroom's parents furnish

the house, for instance, is that considered enough of a wedding gift for the bride or is a piece of jewelry necessary? 3. When the bridegroom is strenuously opposed to anything but the simplest ceremony, with just the immediate families or both contracting parties present, is it not customary for the bride to yield the point? MAUVAIS.

When a young man gets married he is supposed to furnish a home for his wife. Sometimes the bridegroom's parents give the couple a home and the bride's parents furnish it. In most cases the bride's parents and the bridegroom's parents join in furnishing the young couple's home.

If the bridegroom's parents furnish the house, the bride should consider that a sufficient present from them and not expect a piece of jewelry. It is customary for the bridegroom to give the bride a wedding present—something he can afford, but not beyond his pocketbook.

If the bride wants a large wedding and the groom is opposed to it, it is best for each to consider the other's wants and compromise on having the immediate families of the contracting parties and a few intimate friends.

He Went to the Country.

"E. S." tells me: "I introduced a young man with whom I am in love to a girl friend of mine. Now he pays more attention to her than he does to me. Two months ago he went away to the country, and she went also to the same place. Is he sincere or gentlemanly?"

Certainly the best thing for "E. S." to do is to put this young man out of his heart. No matter whom he cares for, he evidently does not care for her, and he has behaved indiscreetly, to say the least. In having a young lady accompany him to the country unchaperoned, he gives "E. S." that you discovered his instability before you married him.

Hints for the Housekeeper.

Apple Relish.

TWO quarts each of cabbage, green tomatoes and sweet apples, two green peppers, one quart of granulated sugar, five cents' worth of whole mixed spice tied up in a cloth, and removed after cooking. Chop cabbage and tomato, sprinkle through them enough salt to season, let stand a short time, then squeeze out the water, add chopped apple, peppers, sugar and spice, and a little more vinegar than will cover, stir quite often and cook two hours.

Fig Dessert.

BUTTER size of an egg, one cup of sugar, beat thoroughly; two eggs beaten separately, one-half cup sugar, two teaspoons baking powder, one and one-half cups flour, sifted three times; bake in two earthen plates. Cut one pound of figs in small pieces, add one cup sugar, and cover with water and boil twenty minutes; when cold, spread over the two cakes and on top add one-half pint of cream which has been thoroughly whipped.

Potted Beef.

TAKE 20 cent stew beef and 10 cent soup bone, simmer till meat is tender. Take from the stock and run through meat chopper, also a small piece of bread, season with salt, pepper, nutmeg, thyme, add two or three tablespoons of the stock; mix all well together with the hands. Press well into a glass dish, pour a little melted butter over the top and serve cold; garnish with parsley. A nice and quickly served luncheon dish, also breakfast. The stock makes fine soup—all for 30 cents.

Pumpkin Butter.

TAKE half pumpkin, half apples. Season with allspice, cinnamon and sugar; cook slowly all day. Delicious Butterscotch. TWO cups granulated sugar, half cup water, half cup vinegar, one pound butter. Stir constantly while cooking and cook until it forms a hard ball in cold water. Pour in greased tins, and when nearly cold mark in squares.

The Million Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



The Barrier

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Lieut. Burrell, stationed at Plumbago, a frontier trading post, falls in love with Nedra, a beautiful girl who passes as the daughter of John Gale, the post trader, and Alluna, a miner. Nedra, however, is really the daughter of John Gale, the post trader, and Alluna, a miner. Nedra, however, is really the daughter of John Gale, the post trader, and Alluna, a miner.

CHAPTER XIII.

Stark Takes a Hand in the Game.

THE old man greeted the Lieutenant affably, but as his glance fell on his daughter he stopped stock still on the threshold. "I told you never to wear that dress again," he said in a dry, harsh voice. The girl made no answer, for her heart was breaking, but turned and went into her room. Burrell had a terrible desire to tell Gale that he wanted his daughter for his wife; it would be an unwelcome pleasure to startle this iron-gray old man and the shawled and shambling mummy of red, with the unwinking eyes that always reminded him of two ox-heart cherries, but he had given Nedra his promise. So he acceded to the exchange of ordinary topics, and inquired for news of the crowd.

"Have you struck pay on yours?" "No, Police and I seem to hold hands. Some of his laymen are quitting work. They've cross-cut in half a dozen places and can't find a color." "But surely they haven't fully prospected his claims yet; there must be plenty of room for a pay-streak somewhere, mustn't there?" "It looks like he had drawn three black claims, Police and I go to the district, accompanied by two professional 'bad men,' Stark and Runnion. Gale recognized Stark as a man who long ago wronged him. Nedra is married to a half-breed girl. This makes her miserable. Burrell tries to reassure her, but she is still oppressed by the dread that her marriage will ruin his career. She begs him to tell no one of their engagement.

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"Nedra's ground is getting better every hour," the trader said. "Yesterday they found a sixty-dollar pan."

Love and Gold Hunting in the Frozen Klondike

By Rex Beach, Author of "The Spoilers."

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May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Breakfast Jacket.—Pattern No. 6219.

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